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LA SEBILE

By Louis C. Jones, '30

It is late of a Saturday night, almost Sunday.

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A prostitute dozes by her window. She dreams. A shifting cloud of faces seems to float between the slats of the shutters; her old grandfather, a long dead village priest, a dowdy actor, a well known politician; then a sea of memories, painful memories, bedmates, come at midnight, gone at cockcrow—and somehow before each fades he takes on the same shape, a hunchbacked, twisted, vile-faced beggar. Where? When? Ah, yes, today as she plied her trade she passed him—laughed at him—taunted him. Was he not one step lower on this comic social scale than she? At least she gave *some* return for their money, grumblingly given.

* * *

An Irishman rolls in his bed. During the long hours of the day he is O'Brien, patrolman number twenty-nine, second precinct. His mind is busy; rent, the Bishop burglary, coal, the Chief, confession next week, pretty cross lately, then a face, a twisted face, peering out from a slouched hat in front of humped shoulders, a mean, nasty face, but somehow— Beggars, bad crowd, but— As his snorings rose, a slouching, stooped, crooked figure seemed to slidle under the covers—or was it the river?

* * *

In one of the most exclusive homes on the most exclusive boulevard a sweet, yes, and pure, girl of the late 'teens peers from her spotless sheets and snowy pillows into the night. She shudders, feels again the sensations of the afternoon. For the hundredth time she sees herself come out of the dainty little chocolate shop with her friends, gaily, laughingly they start across the street to her waiting limousine. As they pass the corner of the building, a face, cruel, repulsive, forbidding, almost maniacal, thrusts itself into the light. Once again she hears herself scream, sees herself run.

She ponders, where is the beast now? What gutter, what hovel shelters him tonight? From her aristocratic training she recognizes in this repulsive animal a representative of the masses; he seems to symbolize them as a monster, dangerous to her own stratum of society. Too bad they can't be put out of the way. There really ought to be some way of exterminating them, common trash that they are. Poor child, product of our "select and private schools," will she and her brothers and sisters never see the light? But now she goes to sleep, counting numberless hunchbacks while they jump grotesquely over powderpuffs.

* * *

In another section of the city where live families of the well known "middle class" (this, in *democratic* America) another maiden lies awake. With her it is happiness, for there are plans to be made, the date to decide, a ring to choose, a thousand things she and her George must settle. She sobers in her happy thinking to remember an almost forgotten incident of the momentous evening. Then she smiles a gentle smile and sees again the whole little drama. She was glad that the first thing they had done once the Big Question had been settled, had been to give the wherewithal for a meal to one less happy than they. He had looked so cold, so starved as he watched the restaurant, filled with gouging, stuffing patrons. His eyes were sad even if his face was twisted and his back humped; he could not have been so very evil; had he not said, "God bless you, God bless you both," when George gave him the money for his dinner? Perhaps some time, somewhere, he, too, had known love; perhaps he, too, had memories, a beloved face, a cherished name.

* * *

In his beautiful oak panelled study a literateur sits before a glowing fire, book, unread, in hand. His charming wife is beside, sewing. He turns his gaze from the embers to her, then to her work. How like her, he thinks to himself, is this finely spun material from which a crafty needle produces a useful, exquisite piece. Why can not all the world be like that? Why must there be ugly, tragic things in this life, all this misery, pain and suffering? Why? In the city this afternoon there was that hunchbacked beggar who had followed him for a block. What was there about his walk, his eyes, his figure. What was there behind the masklike face of bestiality that seemed so familiar? It couldn't have been an old inhabitant of his native New England town, nor one of his many classroom disciples. Impossible! He goes to bed to dream of runover shoes and staring eyes.

* * *

Randolf McDrew Bailly, attorney-at-law, gentleman-in-politics, millionaire of note, bachelor of pugnacity, is the last left in the card room of his exclusive, luxurious club. He plays solitaire,—it is the game he has played with life. Seven in a row, an ace, a king on three, that Gordon will, old Mrs. Henderson, Willy Henderson down and out, humph! that begging cur, today, and his leering insistence that "he had'nt et since yesterday". Bailly, you're a fool, giving charity cases money! Where's your sense? A two on an ace. But Mary, Mary would have wanted—a king on a queen. Mary, dead twenty years, twenty years—a seven missing somewhere. Ah, but Mary had the most shining eyes.

* * *

A student in a well known American college enters his cosy room. Freshly shaved and bathed, he appears in a pleasant state of mind. The shadow of a scowl comes over his brow at the untidiness about him. Up goes a window and as he crosses to the light, he steps on a grimy, slouched hat, looks at a pile of rags,—but recently they bulged from his shoulders. He makes a grotesque, fiendish grimace at the mirror, turns off the light, chuckling.

INFINITUDE

By Clarence E. Olmsted, '27

You—who inhabit the infinitesimal ball called Earth Listen—Listen carefully—or you will not hear my voice—as I pass on the wind

I existed with you—not long ago—Like you I sought happiness—Like you I discovered Mankind's Eternal Lie—I took the short way—I am not sorry

I believed—that if I climbed high enough I would find Happiness—The least I expected was a fair dealing of the Cards of Fate

I discovered—that pleasure turned to pain—but that pain never turned to pleasure—except in its most morbid sense—I found that my dearest wishes turned to ashes—once they were accomplished—that is the law of progress on your tiny sphere—I saw others reap where I had sown—Equality of man—A lie—Part of the total terrestial lie

So I took the short way—the coward's way if you will—It was not difficult—An instant's sharp pain—The biting smell of gunpowder—And an inert mass fell at my feet—Then I left this prison you call home

Now—Ah—Now—I am of the infinite—I know all—I see all—Time—Space—only phases of your prison—I listen to the harmony of the stars—I see beauty beyond your dreams—I laugh at your profoundest thoughts

And so I call to you as I pass by on the wind—That you say I killed myself—But I say I gave myself life

THOUGHTS

Whene'er I do a deed or speak a word
My conscience warns should not be seen or heard,
'Tis *then* and only *then* that I do wrong;
All other words and deeds to Right belong.

We set the world agog with laws and rules,—
We poor unknowing stupid human fools,—
Ignorant that the cause of every sin
Lies not without the mortal, but within.
We bind man's *body* fast with fragile chains;
We make man's *body* suffer endless pains;
Thinking thereby to change man's inner mind;
To make the liar good, the tyrant kind,
But after all our work is done and past,
The Inner Man is conqueror at last.

There's nothing that we mortals clearly know;
Our reason says so, then to us it's so.
For things exist because we think they do;
And there is nothing old, and nothing new,
And nothing true, or false, or bad, or good
But seems to man how man believes it should.

—*S. A. Ives, '30.*

TO CORINNA WHO ASKED FOR A SONNET

Though gladly would I do your least command,
Would choose and test and sound each rhyme with care,
Place this one here, and that one, chiming, there,
Would carve each syllable with cunning hand
To fit, mosaic-like, the pattern planned,
Nor any thought, nor any labour spare
To make your sonnet faultless, perfect, rare,
I try in vain. Untouched my pencils stand;
I stare upon my manuscript, still white,
And see there parted lips and dancing eyes;
Your merry laughter in my memory vies
With rhymes and words until the very song
That I would write for you I cannot write
For dreaming of you lovely all day long.

—*Malcolm McMartin, '27.*

"... OF EDUCATED MEN"

By Frederic S. Marquardt, '27

"A substitute for Shaeffer," called out the referee in brief, incisive terms.

As the trainer scurried out on the field to take care of Shaeffer, Coach Hansen rose from the bench, a huge, towering, somewhat ponderous figure in tweed knickers. He stopped before one of the huddled players and laid his hand on a moleskin-clad shoulder. The player whom the coach had selected differed materially in aspect from his fellows. His suit was thoroughly soiled, his face was plastered with tape, the imprints of spikes showed clearly on the back of his left hand, while a bitter pained expression flashed across his face as he hobbled to his feet, indicating that he had at least a charley horse, if nothing more serious. He had quite evidently been in the game before.

"Jack," the coach said, his voice vibrant with emotion. Jack wondered how the coach could work himself up to such an emotional pitch every week during the football season and oftener during the basketball season. Always he sounded so sincere as he spoke to his men concerning the glory of their alma mater and told them how necessary it was to fight to the last whistle. Well, the fellow had to live, just as everyone else did.

"Jack, I've got to send you back in there. You're the only good man left. Come on, kid, you can do it. Just keep that gang together out there and don't let Union score and the game is ours. Only ten minutes to go."

Jack pulled on a helmet and limped toward the weary group of players on the gridiron. He heard his name shouted from several hundred hoarse throats as the band struck up one of the college tunes. He thought briefly of that knee. One hard crack and he would be on crutches for the remainder of the year. So would any of the rest of the gang, for that matter.

His mind turned back to the previous evening. Following the typically asinine pep meeting and skull practice, he had slipped away to the library for a brief half hour. During those thirty minutes he had wandered through the stacks, handling longingly the volumes of the masters. Hesiod, Racine, Goethe, Cervantes, Lafcadio Hearn were merely a few of the names which flashed before his eyes. He couldn't give the style or philosophy of a single one of them, much less name their best known works. Drifting into the art room, he found himself gazing with unappreciative eyes at numerous famous masterpieces. He realized that he could not name a single painting on those walls, while the identity of their authors was beyond his wildest conjecture. A senior in a classical arts college, Jack realized that his knowledge of the classical arts was microscopic. For four years he had been privileged to commune with the great minds, the giants of the world. And he had spent his time throwing forward passes and tackling swinging dummies.

"We will fight, with all our might, for Hamilton," came the refrain from the stands. That they would sing with some of their might would be much more appropriate, thought Jack. Every muscle in his body ached, his arms and legs were inanimate lumps of flesh, and a mist formed a halo around a rapidly swelling eye. Each move was an effort.

"Get in there and battle for your college," the coach had told him. His college? He rather doubted it. Prex's, perhaps, or more probably Elihu Root's. Or the Board of Trustees'. Or most any Sig's. But he was quite sure it wasn't his.

Why was he playing, then? For the love of the game? He smiled at the thought, despite the effort it cost him. That wasn't play. That was work. Most colleges paid the men who did it. Six hours a day he had labored until school opened and nearly three hours each day since then, getting into shape and learning complicated plays to fool the opposing teams. If that was play he would certainly hate to go to work.

"Hold 'em for ten minutes, Jack," yelled the coach. Might as well ask for ten hours. What difference did it make whether he held 'em for ten minutes or not. Of course, it would make a difference to the coach if he should try to get a job at a bigger institution on the strength of his record at Hamilton. And it would make a difference to the younger alumni when they went down to their offices Monday morning. They didn't like to have their business associates from Union announce the score to the entire building.

There had been a time when he had enjoyed playing football. He was a mere youngster in the sixth grade then and had played on a gravel schoolyard for two hours straight. Real football it had been, unspoiled by fundamentals. When he was tired he had quit. No one thought of accusing him of being a quitter, either.

"What's your name?" asked the referee.

"Never mind," answered Jack, as he threw off his headgear and started for the gym.

"Where are you going?" shouted his amazed teammates.

"Take a shower and then go to the Library. And I'm going to stay there until I find out whether Schopenhauer was a poet or a painter."

* * *

"Hamilton, thy sons will ne'er forget thee," sang a dozen alumni gathered together in one end of the Hamilton bleachers on the afternoon of the Union game.

"Do you remember that game twenty years ago, when you walked off the field in the middle of the last quarter, Jack?" asked Shaeffer.

"I sure do," answered Jack, smilingly.

A long silence ensued, broken only by the cries from the stands and the plunk of toe against pigskin as the punters warmed up.

"Say Shaeffer," suddenly asked Jack, "who in hell was this bird Schopenhauer, anyways?"

DESCRIPTIONS

By A. E. Fradenburg, '27

I. COLD

It was cold. The wind outside drifted great mounds of snow against the ricketty stable door, and occasional biting gusts penetrated the uncertain walls of the little box that served as an office. The night watchman sat huddled over a little charcoal burner that was attempting pitifully to make its warmth felt. He had had to clear an entrance for every cab that had come in that night, twelve in all. There was but one more to return; after that he could roll himself up in a fur robe and enjoy the luxury of a few hours' sleep before the morning shift of drivers made their appearance.

In the distance the town clock struck four. Number Thirteen had never been so late before. He had left a little after supper time, with only the thin horse-blanket to keep him warm. Probably he had been called to drive the doctor to the neighboring village; there could be nothing else to delay him so long.

The watchman arose stiffly, and proceeded to fill his pipe from the big tobacco can on the shelf. His fingers were so numb that he could scarcely grasp the match. No, he would clear the driveway first, and then come back and enjoy his smoke.

It took him twenty minutes to clear a passage wide enough to admit a carriage. As he rested a moment, watching the snow blow back onto the drive, something moved behind him. He turned slowly around and saw old Number Thirteen standing there. Horse, driver, and coach were blanketed with snow. There was something beautiful and appalling about it.

"All ready for you," he called to the driver, "come in and get thawed out."

There was no reply.

He opened the big door, and led the horse into the comparative warmth of the stable. The creaking carriage left a wide trail of snow behind it. The watchman closed the door and returned to Number Thirteen.

"Throw me your blanket, Joe," he called.

The driver did not move.

The watchman looked up. The snow-covered man sat still and rigid; there was no blanket covering him. . . . . .

* * *

Five minutes later the first of the day shift came in. Silently the two men lifted down the stiff body of the driver.

"You'd better go and break the news to his wife," said the watchman. "I'm going to take the blanket off this horse."

II. NOT SO HOT

It was cold. The wind outside piled great gobs of snow against the panelled garage door, and an occasional puff made its way through the broken window of the office that served as a clubroom for the employees of the Pink and Blue Taxicab Corporation. The night watchman sat huddled over an electric toaster. He had sent the boy out twice that night to clear the driveway. Now all the cabs were in but Number Thirteen.

A milk wagon rattled past. Number Thirteen usually got in about this time. He had left about theater time, with only a quart of gin to keep him warm. Probably he was waiting for his fare at one of the roadhouses just outside the city limits. As soon as he got in, the watchman could carry him upstairs to the dormitory and perhaps get a little sleep himself.

The watchman got up. He made his way unsteadily to a little shelf in the corner, took down a large bottle, and poured a tumbler full of liquid. No, he would send the boy out to clear the drive once more and then come back and enjoy his drink.

As he stood outside, watching the boy shovel snow, he heard a voice behind him. "Get the hell out of the way!" it said in none too cordial tones.

As the driver got out and walked briskly towards the door, the watchman fell to the floor. "My God, he's sober," he muttered as he fell.

"You carry him upstairs," said the driver, "while I drain that quart of alcohol from the radiator."

THE COMPOSITION

By Chamberlain Ferry, '29

The composer sat idly at his piano. Through an open window he could sense the beauty of the lazy June day. Bees droned in the hollyhocks which nodded over the window sill, birds trilled in the sturdy elm stretching over the little bungalow, a meadow lark sang in a gently waving field of tall grass. A little brook meandered slowly through the meadow where the sun warmed its water still fresh from the cool springs back in the pine shaded hills. The intermittent clatter of a mowing machine on the far side of the hay-scented fields was lulled almost to a murmur, so far distant was it, and the voices of the men scarcely reached the brook. Beyond the meadow lands extended mile after mile of hemlock and pine toward the tall mountains which towered into the deep blue of the sky, trying to reach the slender clouds drifting so imperceptibly into the invisible distance.

But the great composer noticed none of these things. He slammed the window shut to keep out the distracting noises and turned to the piano, where his nearly finished masterpiece stood open. His fingers worked slowly over the keys and he occasionally made additions or corrections to the sheet of music. But at last it was finished, syncopation, harmony and thirty-two trick choruses, in fact, a completely perfected blues jazz hit.

DES AMOURS

By Malcolm McMartin, '27

It was late in March, 1455. Paris was sad with the melancholy of a spring evening; the stars in the faint sky shone steadily; the gibbets of Montfaucon were silhouetted against the afterglow. A chill coursed through Villon's blood as he looked at "the orchard of Louis the Twelfth". Strange fruit those fruit-trees bore! Would to God he might never make one of them! And then he began to wonder if he ever should stand on air beneath the monarch's rectangular trees under what disguise he would masquerade. An apple? A quince? Ah, of course, that was it. A prune! "Yes, and a devilish dry one into the bargain," thought Villon thirstily. "I wonder if they mind hanging there like caterpillars at the ends of silken threads," he speculated with a shiver. Perhaps he might know some day? For much as we hate to, we all must die, and some of us on the gallows!

Down a lane a boy was whistling. The silence played an accompaniment to his lonely plaint and gave a melody to Villon's thoughts. There was Catherine of Vauxelles, pretty enough now, but when Father Time had let another fifty years slip through his fingers, no doubt she would be with Thais and Flora and Echo and other fair damsels of olden time. Where? But where were the snows of yester year? Having propounded that enigma, Villon smiled, not pleasantly, for his ugly little face would not wrinkle into a pleasant smile, but maliciously, as if he were glad the lovely Catherine was not immortal.

As he turned down the rutted street toward Catherine's house, he wondered how she could care anything for a poor clerk who did nothing better than write verses that even he never thought would save the name of Francois Villon from oblivion. Not that he cared about saving his name from oblivion! Do you suppose Homer smiled to hear the savants' praise as he rotted six feet under the turf? But probably he had stopped rotting centuries ago. A bottle of wine was better than an undying name any day. Carpe diem. And that brought him back to the lovely Catherine. It *was* strange that she should love him. Perhaps she didn't.

Nay, it was quite certain that she didn't. Otherwise she would never have nestled so closely to her tall, mustachioed companion. She hadn't seen Villon, not because of the arbor around the little bench, for that was leafless, but for another reason. Noiseless as a cat he entered the arbor. After a mocking bow he declaimed tauntingly, "Harken not the idle words of this warrior who wears his sword so proudly. Lady fair, my verses seek the favor of your ears. Know you Latin, sir? Then *rex asinorum, doltus magnificus, discede ad infernum.* Catherine, leave this ignoramus. Come with me."

Catherine turned and whispered to her escort. There followed a ripple of laughter and a loud guffaw. The soldier rose and waved the poet toward the bench.

"I thank you," said Villon, bowing directly away from his rival. "Your manners are better than your appearance leads one to suspect."

Two hands gripped Villon's throat from behind and flopped him on his back. He squirmed. A knee pressed his chest until it seemed as if his backbone had left its imprint on the clayey path. A hard hand drove his nose into his brains. His groans called forth a peal of girlish laughter, which redoubled when the giant ripped open the leather doublet of his slanderer, tore his shirt down the front, rolled him over, wrenched off his upper garments, and left the half-naked poet to run home in the sad March evening with only a kick to help him on his way.

"Curse him," whispered Villon, as he watched the moonbeams silver the gray roofs from his stepfather's window. "Curse her twice," he muttered, bettering his command a hundredfold. Then, because it was all very amusing, he began to laugh. No doubt you would have thought him pleasanter if he had kept his mirth to himself.

ANTHONY TO CLEOPATRA

How I have fallen from my mighty station
  That I let go all else to be your lover,
  That, like an unfledged bird, I run for cover
To your embraces from the world's damnation?

Has Man enthroned himself as Woman's master
  Only to be her slave upon her least command?
  Why is it that the lily softness of your hand
Can draw me, willingly, into disaster?

I throw my strength, discretion, self-possession
  To the four winds, and follow where you call.
  To see you, hear you, touch you, that is all—
I care not what may come from this obsession.

Fold me, then, Egypt, in the depths of your embraces;
  Kiss all the bitter accusations from my lips;
  Drown my remorse in love. My manhood slips—
Why, let it then. What's manhood to your graces?

—Cortland G. Smith, '27.

SING

Orange moon in star-flecked sky;
  Sing, oh sing.
Warm rich moon, and you and I
  Are everything.

—Lynn Crocker, '27.

IMPRESSIONS AT TWENTY

By William G. Mulligan, '27

After three hours' sleep.—Of all the women to whom I have ever been able to fancy myself married, none has used perfume so strong as to indicate that its purpose must be to veil something else, and none has lisped.

On appearances.—Men often look dissipated because they are irregular in their habits of living, or lack glowing health, or are badly worried, or for divers other innocent reasons. Often the most truly dissipated men have the rosiest aspect. Dissipation may even make an otherwise drab man look interesting. But if a woman looks dissipated, she is an excellent person to leave alone.

Jealousy.—I have observed that it is a rare nuance of discernment indeed by which an intelligent husband determines at what point to take alarm at his wife's interest in other men. On the one side of the norm he is tolerant and wise; on the other he is ridiculous and jealous.

Happiness.—People make all manner of sacrifices to save money for entertaining themselves artificially. I mean the sort of people who frequent the theatre, attend social functions as often as possible, and seek to outdo each other in matters of personal luxury—elegant apartments, swank motor cars, rare possessions, and gracious hospitality. And when they have done with their lives, I wager with assurance that if, before they closed their eyes for good, they could set down those events which they have filed away closest to their hearts, the list would not enumerate their pleasures and contentments. It would be a record of the melancholy that had tinged their existence purple, the suffering that they had tried in vain to escape. They who are poor in tears are poor indeed, for grief is the most exquisite thing in life.

FUGUE FANTASIA

You ask me this:
"Where does it lead to?"
Nowhere.

The way is lit.
That is not a light;
That is a mirror.

The way is dark,
Though not with doom:
That is a shadow.

Bind both my eyes,
And let me see the road to
Nowhere.

Fetter my feet,
And let me run on the road to
Nowhere.

I go not alone,
Yet none know the road to
Nowhere.

My fellows' faces
Have no features, on the road to
Nowhere.

Ask me again—

There is a middle land
With no middle path
That marks the beginning—the end?

Where does it lead to?
Nowhere.

—Ahlini.

MUSKOKA

We sit alone on a calm lake's shore
  While the moon peeps out from clouds and trees,
And a passing thunderstorm's lessening roar
  Is faintly heard on the evening breeze.

The Spirit of Night hurls deepening darks,
  The sunset fades and mars,
And a fire of drift-wood floats its sparks
  To the lake-reflected stars.

The peace of night comes over all,
  A whip-poor-will hoots afar,
And the Northern Lights make magical sights
  Around the Northern Star.

—Z. L. Macmillan, '29.

POPLARS

The sun slides down your branches
As rain slides down the sky
Under a rainbow.

—Lynn Crocker, '27.

RAMBLING ALONE

By F. D. H. Gilbert, '28

There are few forms of pleasure and exercise more delightful to people of the right temperament than rambling alone for a few hours, preferably in a wild and empty country. Perhaps the right temperament is a queer one; not in accordance, that is, with that of the general lot of human kind; but men have had it who have been not without consequence. Thoreau was one. It is the spirit of Thoreau's saunterer that is the spirit of this right temperament for rambling alone. I say this much about the temperament which, egotistically, I have termed *right,* because without it, or without at least a comprehension of it, you cannot to best advantage indulge in what I have called rambling. And I have called for rambling *alone,* not from any morbid, complacent satisfaction in my own exclusive company, not because rambling in company with another (or others) cannot be a delight, for such a statement would be untrue, but because, like Stevenson's walking tours, a ramble in company is not the same thing at all; and the reason why it is not the same thing is much the same in both cases, "because," as Stevenson says, "freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on; and because you must have your own pace," nor be required to adjust your wants to another's.

These rambles should have nothing set or foreordained about them; they should be without objective. You must simply start out, when the spirit moves, up the hillside across the way, and straight ahead, following what course the moment's whim may dictate. It is the mood you are in that counts. Perhaps you come upon a leaf-strewn opening in the forest, shut in by the dark trunks and limbs of trees, where an awning of shimmering green keeps off the summer sun, and drowsy breezes faintly stir, weighted almost to excess with that heavy fragrance of the woods whose components not the cleverest cold-blooded man of science could untangle. And you throw yourself down full length on the yielding carpet of last autumn's leaves, and you listen dreamily, your mind quite void of thought, to the swelling and dying cadence of midsummer insects' hum, punctuated by the sleepy chirrup of some hidden little warbler, or interrupted by the angry chatter of Mrs. Squirrel a-scolding of her husband. You may fall asleep, but does it matter? Or after idly telling yourself you are about to arise and move on, yet ever putting off the actual doing of it, for a quarter of an hour, the great, black, zooming deerflies take the matter in hand, and up you get, like Io, gadfly-driven, and go forward. But you have no rancor in your heart for the deerflies. You have no strong feelings of any kind; you are too lazily happy.

Then after a while perhaps you come out on a broad, level pasture on the hilltop. The breezes up here are strong and cool, and go singing through the scattered pine trees all day long. And a thrush in a tall elm by yonder gray stone wall where wood and pasture meet is pouring out his soul in cascades of silver. Under foot the moss is thick and soft like a great pile of Turkish rugs, and over there a clump of blueberries shines at you, inviting you to feast. Perhaps you linger here, enchanted by the siren thrush and the crooning of the wind in the pines; perhaps a new energy is born into you by the crystal keenness of the air, and recklessly you run down the farther hillside through glade and grove and open pasture, and laugh aloud at the solemn disapproval of the sedate old matronly cows you meet in the shade of some sedate old maple trees. If you act like a five-year-old, all the dignity of your stupendous age cast to the smiling breezes, who can gainsay you? Who is to taunt you with it before company, and make you blush? Not the matronly cows, certainly. See, they have already forgotten you and are engaged in the far more serious matter of chewing their cuds and dozing on their feet.

And so you go, now slow, now fast, up hill and down dale, to the right and to the left, as the whimsy seizes you. Idly you pity the poor souls who have to be working. But perhaps it is Sunday, and all the week you have been laboring yourself. If that is so, then just as surely as if you were in the dark aisles of a Gothic cathedral, built by an architect who, knowing that man can do no better than model his works after God's, has moulded his monument's glorious vaults in the fashion of an elm-arched lane, just as surely as if you were before the High Altar of such a temple made with hands, you are on this ramble every moment in contact with God, and God's cleanness pervades the air, and purges your soul, unconscious though you be that He is there.

Finally you come home. You had not realized it before, but now you discover that you are dead tired; you throw yourself into a chair to await that meal for which how ravenous is your appetite! And truly, if every moment of your ramble had been a scourge, and you had hated every dragging minute, a fancy quite outside the realm of reason, to be sure, but if it were so, if that same ineffably comfortable lassitude came over you that comes now after these hours of enjoyment unalloyed, I say that even then that sweet fatigue would repay you for your pain one hundred-fold.

TO EILEEN

(Who, having loved me, proved fickle and married another.)

Canst thou, Eileen, within so short a space
Of time, forget the rapture of that night,
When our true love made all of life seem bright
And the whole earth like to a fairy place?
Bereft of thy once sweet and gentle grace,
Dark is the universe and dire my plight;
All happiness from me has taken flight
And left of my past joy not e'en a trace.

—Frank G. Wilcox, '27.

SILENCE

By Robert G. McGregor, Jr., '27

Silence—the rustling of the tent flap as the breeze caught it. The darkness came in waves as the wind. The everlasting lapping of the waves on the shore; a light—a steady light—the moon probably. It shone on my blanket and formed shadows within the tent. I could not sleep. A fantasy. A noise. Like—what?—like a bird dropping from the air to alight on a branch—no—more than that—it grew steadily more regular. A canoe on this lake—no—I had been—I had not seen anyone all these months. God—it can't be the—no—go to sleep, you fool.

Did you call my name? Yes! I am coming. That noise—like the tapping of a woodpecker in the early morning—like the constant drip-drip-drip of the water at the spring—like the sound of a man's footstep. I must see what it is. No, the tent flap is all right. My head is in a whirl. God, are you there? Are you in white or is that the reflected surface of my canoe staring up at me—me—me—who am I? A murderer—no, a murderer—a murderer. Are you seeking me? No, you can't. I can't stand it. Yes I did it——

This water is cool—it is refreshing. My head. It is in a swirl. It is going under—water all around—washing over my body. The moon is going under a cloud—no—it is fading. The light is dying—water, water, water—yes all around. The light is going—slowly—darkness and the moon is gone.

Silence—drip—drip—drip—like the stream. Time rolls on and the waves lap the shore, drip—drip—drip and silence.

ODE TO LEUCONOE

From the Latin of Horace

'Tis wrong to know—oh do not seek what fate
The gods for us poor mortals will create,
Nor hope the starry veil to penetrate,
Leuconoe.

Much better to endure whate'er betide;
If Jove allow us many years beside,
Or this be last, as crumbling rocks abide
In Tyrian sea.

Be wise; let pleasure reign. Since life's soon sped,
Shun future thoughts. We speak,—swift time has fled.
Enjoy today: tomorrow if we dread,
More foolish, we.

—Vernon A. Ives, '30.

SIREN

The fire siren
Is my passion.
Beginning calmly,
It gathers its madding momentum
Until
It screams above the city's din
Claiming all for itself,
Sweeping aside the world,
Petrifying the sensibilities,
Proclaiming its supremacy:
Then . . .
It dies.

—William G. Mulligan, '27.

WOMEN

You women
Hate each other
Oh
So sweetly,
Like kittens playing
Claws sheathed in velvet pads.

Why don't you growl and circle
Like Airedales
Waiting for the
Open throat?

No,
Women
Must hate each other—sweetly.

Razor daggers.
Hidden in silk.

—Clarence E. Olmsted, '27.

SHADOW

You creep up the steep roof
From the base of the chimney.
You climb and climb, but never reach the peak.
Tomorrow you will climb again.

—Lynn Crocker, '27.